

UNGAWA!

Nº1

Weird Films
Strange Behaviour
Russ Meyer
Jess Franco
Rudy Ray Moore

and
much Much
more...



An Incredibly Strange Creature :
see Film Reviews for the
gloriously gory details !!!



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The Drum Beats, the crowd moans . . . It's time to leap on that soapbox and yell OOOONGAWAH!!! Welcome to the whacked out world of Ungawa, a world where the exotic is the norm. Here in the dank and gloom of Ungawa HQ a trusty bunch of writers and lovers of the wierd have hidden away with one objective in mind - to sift through the debris of twentieth century culture. As the eighties draws to a dismal close we have decided it's time to beat the tribal war drum, gather our forces and stomp on the mass produced mediocrity that surrounds us. Let the cities ring with the cry of OOOONGAWAH!! For so should it be. Like most plain brained folk we have had a bellyfull of what is touted as entertainment. Who needs to regurgitate the blathering of some de-balled critic? Let's face it, who is really interested in the stuff they call art ?? Sifting through the mounds of material available we have picked out some of the lesser known films, books and records that say more about madness, mayhem and human perversity than any piece of sensitive crap will ever do!

I say to hell with the critics and good taste, let's bathe in the flea-ridden, the cheap and the scummy. It's time to strike a blow for freedom and dig out the stuff you really like and wail about it. Let's be honest, almost any cheaply made film with crazy ideas and a go-for-broke attitude will tell you more about life, longing and torment than an over-lauded lump of dung like *A Passage to India* ever could. And what's more it's infinitely more enjoyable! Yep - it's time for a back to basics attitude to entertainment, for too long, too many people have choked on the gunge being passed off as edifying and worth wasting your hard earned shekels on.

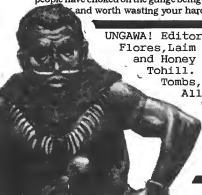
Stand back you bozos or you'll have to deal with the might of Ungawa.

This first issue will give you some idea of the ground we shall cover and unlike most magazines we are not ashamed to delve into the historical roots of the sleazy, the slimy and the maligned. Future issues will feature infamous names and movements from the past, names which have filled nations with fear - you have been warned! It may be fair enough to pour scorn on mainstream culture but who wants to be esoteric for it's own sake? Not me Bub! Just look around, it's quite obvious that many weird and wonderful items are relatively easy to find, some may have been staring you in the face for some time. So get your gloves off and get your hands dirty - the bizarre and the fantastic is easier to get your mitts on than you might think. In fact almost anyone can be an expert, so swing out sister and if you have anything to sound off about feel free to write in (especially from overseas).

Bringing this issue out has been a truly Herculean task and many people have chipped in with advice, financial aid, vitamins and aspirin. What can I say except a heart-felt thank you to all those who did such stout stuff. Future issues will have some truly special delights - the perverse and lovely Honey Parker will be hosting the letters page and will answer all your queries, problems etc . . . in her own inimitable style. So until next time the drum beat awakens me to rant and speak the words that must be heard it's Ungawa M'bonga and Goodbye.

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RUSS MEYER 1967!

by Moose
McGill



Moose McGill takes a trip down Mammary Lane to look at two often neglected films by the Maestro Russ Meyer. *Commonlaw Cabin* and *Goodmorning and Goodbye* were produced after the critically acclaimed *Mud Honey* (1965), the cult favourite *Faster Pussycat Kill! Kill!* (1966) and before the commercially unstoppable *Vixen* (1968). They were Russ's first two real full length colour features and show him really getting his deliciously garish style together. They also feature the usual Meyer preoccupations which Moose will explore at greater length. Take it away Moose.

glamour photography where suggestion was the name of the game. Earlier features like *Lorna* featured lipsmacking dollops of nudity but were unfortunately commercial failures ... the climate was not yet right for large doses of nipples. For his next couple of films Meyer decked his female stars out in all sorts of body hugging clothes, deep cut bikinis and revealing dresses. The clothes could barely contain their ample curves and their breasts seemed to overflow onto the screen....this fitted perfectly with their drives and needs which were also larger than life.

1967 looked like being a lean year for Russ Meyer. His triple whammy of *Lorna* (1964), *Mud Honey* (1965) and *Motor Psycho* (1965) had failed to take in big bucks at the box office and his follow up *Faster Pussycat Kill! Kill!* (1966) was hardly doing much better. It would be a few years before critics would dust them off and refer to them as his *Gothic Melodramas*.

The Immoral Mr Teas (1959) had been a runaway success but the next Meyer film to really pull in a heavy profit was the zest-filled *Mondo Topless* (1966). Russ, always a shrewd business man, realised that he needed a successful follow-up to keep the coffers full. *Mondo Topless* was a colour filled quickie which documented the Topless craze, a fad which was sweeping through the U.S.A. like a high powered tornado. Meyer captured the frenzy and the "way out wild movement" in this swinging tribute to "unrestrained female anatomy". *Topless* also featured his current companion Babette Bardot, a gal whose attributes totally defied gravity. She is seen in the opening scenes driving a car topless through the streets of San Francisco ... truly an unbelievable sight! It's hardly surprising that his next venture should feature her fairly indescribable talents.

Meyer aimed his next couple of features at the Drive-In market. It was here that he would be assured of a profit. This meant that nipples and nudity would have to be kept to a minimum - in the Drive-In titillation and suggestion were the name of the game, especially during the early sixties. Violence was OK but nudity was always cut out by Drive-In owners and was considered Taboo.

Russ was the master of suggestion so working within these constraints was no problem. after all he had cut his teeth in



Babette - too much woman for Dewey Hoople
(scriptwriter John E. Moran)

HUNG UP GUYS AND WELL STACKED GALES

In 1967 Russ Meyer made two films: **CommonLaw Cabin** (or *How Much Loving Does A Normal Couple Need?*) and **GoodMorning and Goodbye** (released in Britain as *The Lust Seekers*). They are two of his least talked about and critically discussed films. Both are typically Russ Meyer, in short



overflowing with all the things we've come to know and love from his productions. Sumptuous colour, sizzling one-liners and characters who live for fighting and loving. Like all his films they feature 'cantilevered women with watermelon breasts' (the type that only Russ Meyer seems able to find) and one-dimensional men saddled with sexual problems.

In **GoodMorning and Goodbye** it's an impotent husband while **CommonLaw Cabin** features a father with a Freudian hang up about his daughter - she looks too much like his dead wife! In all the Russ Meyer films it's the interaction between the sexes that's important. The male-female thing is never sexually hunky-dory and this is what must be resolved in the course of the film. In **GoodMorning and Goodbye** the impotent Burt (Stuart Lancaster) helps create a voracious unsatisfied wife (Alaina Capri) and in **CommonLaw Cabin** the overprotective father (John E. Moran) causes unease and tension in the family unit. The underlying thesis in all of Meyer's movies is that misdirected sexual energy leads to all sorts of problems a healthy society is a humping society.

Russ is a lusty chap and his films reflect this outlook on life. Sex in his films is natural and unstoppable - problems arise between Men and Women when this energy is blocked, diminished or diverted. Meyer Men need Meyer Women and there's an easy companionship when they're really getting it together. **CommonLaw Cabin** and **GoodMorning and Goodbye** are prime examples of this philosophy in action - allusions to Nature and Sex abound in both of these films.

BACK TO NATURE

In many ways nature has always been central to his films. He always chooses a secluded, rugged and beautifully sunlit location for his stories. And his photography thrives on the vividness, punch and brightness that only a truly sunbaked area can provide. This approach goes way back to his days as a glamour photographer when he favoured outdoor and offbeat locations. There's something about a beautiful woman, rugged rocks and washed up driftwood which is guaranteed to get the pulse pounding. Who knows why, perhaps it's the idea of unfettered carnality - anyway it's definitely more appealing than the usual hemmed in shots of half-nude girls taken on a tacky indoor set.

Nature permeates every Meyer film, not just in the photography and the underlying sexual imagery but in the very production itself. Russ likes to drag his small, tight-knit cast and crew off to some rugged spot miles away from anywhere (it helps keep production costs way on down). This means that the cast have nothing to distract them, they must devote all their energies to the production at hand. Sex is strictly Verboten on the Meyer set - he likes to encourage that certain lusty spark or frisson between his crew and the male and female cast. He hopes this little current of excitement, this magic will be generated on screen and somehow his films will have captured some of the odour of S-E-X.



The unnamed nymph from the opening of **Good Morning and Goodbye**

Meyer likes the physicality and arduousness of shooting miles away from anywhere. Its back to basics in more ways than one....In fact the whole thing is kind of like a lusty boot camp with women! His cast and crew are always small, closely knit....everyone gets involved feeding ideas and doing different jobs on the production. Meyer usually works with a seven man crew and many of his technicians are non-union. This means they have no qualms about mucking in and doing all sorts of jobs at a fairly cheap rate.

CommonLaw Cabin is a prime example of how small and incestuous Meyer's production crews are. The technical crew of Jack Lucas, Richard Brummer and George Costello worked on many of Meyer's earlier epics. John Furlong - the man who does many of the voices in Meyer's films (radio voices & voice-overs etc) also played the impotent Dr Ross. Jack E. Moran who wrote the screenplay for **Cabin**, **Faster Pussycat Kill! Kill!** and **GoodMorning and Goodbye** also played the main role of Dewey Hoople, the fairly hung-up Papa.

While Meyer liked to surround himself with technicians he was familiar with he also liked to vary the cast, especially the female lead, after each film. In the sexploitation film business this made perfectly good sense. **CommonLaw Cabin** and **GoodMorning and Goodbye** each had three female leads - which gave the audience plenty to look at. Alaina Capri starred in both films. She was a Catholic schoolgirl from Los Angeles who had ambitions to be an actress ... unfortunately she disappeared after **GoodMorning and Goodbye**. In **CommonLaw Cabin** she played the testy but vulnerable Sheila, but she really came into her own as Angel the hot-blooded, sex-craving wife in **GoodMorning and Goodbye**. In this one she slung lines with the best of them droning out killer comments in a nasal twang - YOWWWW! **CommonLaw Cabin**, easily the weakest of the two features, is basically the story of a bunch of losers who end up in some godforsaken dump in Colorado. The whole thing lacks any kind of consistent logic....but there are enough good bits to keep it steaming along quite nicely. In **Cabin** the main attraction is definitely Babette Bardot, a woman who the word pneumatic barely describes. She sports some of the most wildly cut dresses ever made and when she hits the screen wearing one of those creations the only response possible is slackjawed amazement. B.B. delivers her lines in a crazy faltering French accent which is deliciously daft. Like most Meyer women she is larger than life and thinks nothing of diving off a mountain top into the lake below while holding lighted torches in her hands! The film is also peppered with fairly lame jokes about her cooking.

BABETTE BABY!

Most critics describe Meyer's characters as cartoonish or one dimensional - this applies to some of them, others are imbued with a vitality and energy far beyond what is normal. Babette's wild amazon bit is clearly way beyond the norm, it's wild, it's primitive and it's excessive. It reeks of overabundance and fertility. As Barney Rickard the satyrical cop remarks 'You couldn't kill that Broad with an axe!'. To her husband she's 'Too much woman, all of the time'. Clearly the characters in any Meyer film are merely the channels through which natural drives and energies flow ... if they appear to be one-dimensional it's because these are the most important things in the Meyer world. Meyer men and women are meant to be happy and horny together. This emphasis on Nature, drives and energies beyond our control comes out in Russ's films in many ways. In **CommonLaw Cabin** when Rickard is crunched like a watermelon by Cracker's boat it's as if the spirit of the dead sailor influences the speedboat to put an end to the evil copper.

WHY NOT



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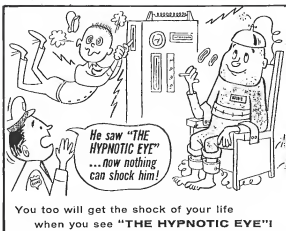
PRIMITIVE LOVE

While **GoodMorning and Goodbye** is practically a homage to Nature, fertility and unrepressed Carnality. After all it opens with some unnamed nymph running carefree and unfettered through some luscious undergrowth ... the viewer's imagination begins to run riot while the voice-over asks rather prudently 'How would you define Nymphomania, Irregular Union, Deflower, Wenching, Voyeurism, Strumpet, Hedonist? How would you define Doxy, Scrabrous, Promiscuity, Poulet, Ribaldry, Debauchery, Adulterate?'

When we first see Angel (Alaina Capri) she is bathing in a leafy pool. It's clear that this 'monument to unholy carnality', this 'luscious cushion of evil' enjoys splashing around free and uninhibited. A few minutes later Haji emerges from another calm pool, she is a wood nymph or spirit, a 'mistress of the lost art'. Later on she rekindles the impotent Burt's flagging fire...she does this through weird rituals and suggestive dancing. The sight of Haji dancing around in skimpy costumes made of deerskin, flowers, leaves and feathers would be enough to restore anyone's potency. Yep it's another slab of primitive exotica served up as only Russ Meyer can.



Angel, "the luscious cushion of evil ... perched on the throne of immorality"



If all this talk of Nature, Sex and Primitive Shenanigans sounds a mite overblown or heavy handed don't despair - it's all there in **Cabin and Goodbye** but it's done in such a glorious, irreverent and fulfilled manner that you can't help but laugh. Self deprecation and self mockery have always been one of Meyer's strong points especially in his early films. **Goodbye** and **Cabin** are well worth seeing as they were made before he started to parody himself ... the tongue was still firmly in his cheek and not up his ass.

The sheer verve and fun of these films makes them classic sexploitation. The snappy screenplays by John E. Moran plus the colour filled photography and editing by Meyer guarantees a racy slab of entertainment. **GoodMorning and Goodbye** is easily the more interesting of the two films (**Cabin** was slung together in a matter of weeks!) ... its jam-packed with all sorts of gaudy American iconography ... flashy cars, revealing clothes and clipped but hip lingo. As usual Meyer piles on all sorts of unusual camera angles and wildly sassy music to produce something with his own unique trademarks. Like any Meyer film it's jam-packed with energy, his shots are short, original and as always dynamic. Action is everything and his characters waste no time letting rip with piercing one-liners and moving in free-wheeling motion ... it's this sort of brassy dynamism that gives almost any Meyer film its charm.

Looking at them now it's obvious that these films are very much products of their own time - what is wonderful about them is just how much suggestion Meyer can wring out of each shot. Each film is packed with loads of Mammoth gals in various stages of undress ... they are always putting clothes on or taking them off. The soundtrack is as usual glorious. Sleazy type strip Musak, seems to pour out from behind the wallpaper everytime someone makes a physical or verbal suggestion. Working within the constraints of the time he managed to achieve an incredible amount of titillation and humour. If you don't believe this check out **I.A Woman** the Swedish/Danish co-production which influenced **GoodMorning and Goodbye**. While the Euro-flick is po-faced, serious and downbeat **Goodbye** is a fun-filled slice of pure Americana. No one else but Russ could or would show a close-up of his leading actress (Alaina Capri - **GoodMorning and Goodbye**) putting her bra on and produce such a wide mixture of emotions....Shock, Titillation and Humour. It's a salute to Russ Meyer that he can produce films with a large number of moments like these.



FILM REVIEWS

THE HEAD West Germany 1959, Prod. Wolfgang Hartwig, Dir. Victor Trivas, Starring Horst Frank, Michel Simon, Christine Maybach, Karin Kernke.

This demented epic totally revolutionised the severed head sub-genre, but more importantly it must also have been an influence on Franco's *Diabolical Dr Z* (1965). Both films have a relentless sleazy edge and feature similar preoccupations and style. Architecture is very important in each of them with spiraling staircases and large stone buildings providing echo ridden surroundings in which unsavoury dramas unfold.

The Head is a dark brooding film and much of the action, lighting and character motivation harks back to the early days of German Expressionism. This is what gives the film its deep rooted power. The menacing blackness is broken up by irregular patches of light and the characters emerge unnervingly from the shadow. Branches of trees often fill the screen like tentacles - the world seems unsavoury and unsafe.

Such is the world the mysterious Dr Ood comes to ... and pretty soon he is decapitating bodies left, right and centre. He keeps the head of a famous scientist wired up in the basement and transplants the head of a beautiful but deformed girl onto the body of a voluptuous dancer. His crazed genius gives him the power to breathe life into his overblown desires. Luckily his grizzly obsessions are put to an end but not before he has disposed of or physically altered half the cast.

The Head is a real shocker not just because of the trail of mutilated corpses or the eerie quality of the photography. It's a whammer with a genuine taste of the macabre - this is mainly due to Ood and his supernatural determination and desire. He helps give the film its unstoppable drive.

The director Victor Trivas had previously worked in Hollywood as a director-producer-writer and *The Head* was his last film - obviously it bombed at the box

office as he never made another. This was unfortunate as it was well put together with some unusual touches and outlandish ideas. (C.T.)

THE HYPNOTIC EYE (USA 1959) Prod. Charles B. Bloch, Dir. George Blair. Stars: Jacques Bergerac, Allison Hayes, Ferdinand W. Demara, Lawrence Lipton and Eric "Big Daddy" Nord.

Now, if you dare, Look into the *Hypnotic Eye*! This really incredible picture is one of the great gimmick films of all time. The plot evolves around The Great Desmond (Jacques Bergerac), a hypnotist who helps make young beautiful girls disfigure themselves in truly appalling ways. Much of the film centres around his stage act - so there's ample opportunity for all sorts of hypnotic shenanigans. In one totally unprecedented scene he drives the theatre audience (and by implication the cinema audience) to do the most incredible and insane things. For who can resist the power of the hypnotic eye?

The main theme of the film is such a

virulent gut-puncher (beautiful girls disfiguring themselves in nightmarish and surrealist ways) that it's easy to neglect what a taut, suspense ridden film it really is. It's as tight as *The Tinger* or *Homicidal*. And there's also a queer couple of cameos to add to the film's distorted and nervous edge. Fred W. "The Great Imposter" Demara makes his film debut as a dried-out, world weary doctor and Lawrence Lipton, the ageing King of the Beatniks, reads the "Holy Barbarian Blues" to assorted couples and Jazzbos in a smoky dive. But the film's real star is Jacques Bergerac as the Great Desmond, the guy with an eye that emits a wierd compelling light. Somehow his nasal French twang is just right for the part of a dupe who gets girls to stick their faces into fans, drink lye or set fire to their hair. He's just perfect as the instigator of wave after wave of hideous mutilation.

Allison "50ft Woman" Hayes makes an appearance as Desmond's assistant and she's more lovely than ever! Finally it must be said that the hypnotic angle is milked to the limit. Not only does Desmond give his audience *Hypnotic Eye* balloons to blow up but a real live Doctor delivers a short lecture on the dangers of Hypnotism.



SHE DEVILS ON WHEELS U.S.A. 1968, Prod./Dir. H.G. Lewis, starring Betty Connell, Pat Poston, Nancy Lee Noble, Christie Wagner.

At last the story of the Maneaters on Motorcycles....the H.G. Lewis biker flick which turned the whole genre on its ass. It's a low budget feast which is a must for every fan of the trashy and the irreverent (male and female). OK so what if it doesn't contain much in the way of gore and gratuitous blood - it's the attitude that counts. It's not every director who would dare to produce a film about Women who are wild and vicious with Motorcycles as their lovers'.

Mondo movies have done superb work in unearthing a crystal clean print of this paen to hog-riding womanhood! And believe it or not the colours are as fetching and primary as any early Jean Luc Godard film!!

It's certainly an unrepeatable slab of life from the sixties and features real life biker gals in Ac-shun. So there's no penny ante wimps like Nancy Sinatra here - they're all solid gals 'tougher than the men they hate', real 'she devils on the prowl'.

GUTS AS HARD AS THE STEEL OF THEIR "HOGS"!

SHE-DEVILS ON WHEELS

Starring

BETTY CONNELL
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JERRY CROSS Presents

SHANTY TRAMP

Dist. by CINEMATION INDUSTRIES



SHANTY TRAMP U.S.A. 1968, Prod. K. Gordon Murray, Dir. Joseph Preito, Story by K. Gordon Murray, Starring Lee Holland, Kenneth Douglas, Lewis Galen, Bill Rodgers, Lawrence Tobin.

This unbelievable slab of exploitation features many of the ingredients that we know and love; sassy women, hellfire preachers, swinging music, disgruntled bikers and outright hypocrisy! What really makes the whole mix sizzle is inclusion of almost everything considered to be immoral and perverse during the early sixties. They're all here - racism, patriarchy, nudity, wanton fornication, miscegenation, alcoholism, flagellation, prostitution, cussing and attempted incest.

The film takes its title from Emily, the gap toothed strutting hussy who hangs out at revival meetings and the local juke joint called Tom's. She's the ultimate amoral piece of ass - while her boyfriend gets stomped by half a dozen bikers, she necks with their leader, a square jawed geek called Savage. Her Pa is an unshaven hooch guzzler, a guy who's so far gone he doesn't even bring the bottle out of his pocket when he wants a drink! The rest of the cast are similarly inbred and like most deep south backwoods folk they're obsessed with sin and damnation, sex (in the shape of 'Shanty Tramp') and race (in the form of 'local niggers' like Daniel Smith). All this is exploited to the full with Daniel going ape for lilywhite Emily and her Pa whipping her half-naked body with his belt.

If that's not enough to ensure a real crowd pleaser there's also tons of fairly mindless dialogue ('Swing it man, 'Shut up Babe and Put out' etc.), tasteless nudity and piles of sleazy innuendo. (C.T.)



Buttholes go wild



Jayne!

PROMISES, PROMISES U.S.A. 1963, Prod. Tommy Noonan & Donald E. Taylor, Dir. King Donovan, Starring Jayne Mansfield, Mickey Hargitay, Marie McDonald, Tommy Noonan, T.C. Jones. WEE-HAW!! Jayne gets naked and reveals everything for art! After telling the world that she intended to convert to Catholicism, Jayne did a reverse flip and changed her mind. She wanted to be a good mother but she also wanted to keep the guys happy too.

Her career was on the downspin when Hefner and Noonan approached her to do this nude-sex comedy. Sure it's as funny as lumbago but a couple of scenes really lift it out of the rut - even in this downbeat flick Jayne still looks yummy and exuberant and her song'n'dance number is sheer delight. On top of that when the action begins to flag Jayne pops her clothes off and shows her raw talent - what more do you need? (L.K.)

BLIND EYE SEES ALL U.S.A. 1986
The Butthole Surfers, Touch and Go Video, P.O.Box 433, Dearborn, MI 48121, U.S.A.

The Butties, those Mutant Acid Beatniks deliver the goods in this part live, part interview videotape. The live stuff really kicks dirt with the whole band whipping up a storm...its all tunes from the two Mini LPs and Locust Abortion Technician. So you'll know what kind of psychotic wailing to expect. Gibby looks really fresh on stage (the performances are a few years old now) and wears a neat line in wigs. There's a special treat for all the girls tacked on at the end - El Gibbo struts his stuff on stage without his trousers getting in the way.

Unfortunately the interview with the band tucked up in bed and tucking into Pizzas and beer is to say the least tedious. Gibby shoots off at the mouth emitting an unending stream of crapola but thankfully this doesn't go on for too long and the band get back to what they are beat at - producing a barrage of uplifting noise and generally going out of control. (C.T.)

THE INCREDIBLY STRANGE CREATURES WHO STOPPED LIVING AND BECAME MIXED UP ZOMBIES U.S.A. 1963, Morgan/Steckler Prod., Dir. Ray Dennis Steckler, Starring Cash Flag, Caroline Brandt, Atlas King, Sharon Walsh.

Run for your life it's Ray Dennis Steckler and the world's first Monster Musical. Filmed in Terrorama and Eastmancolor it has a mutedly gaudy feeling to it with much of the action taking place inside carnival tents and other bohemian locations. Although not nearly as good as the sublime *Rat Fink a Boo Boo* it still has its good moments - Many of which are provided by the luscious Caroline Brandt. She's a dancer who is fond of a tittle; she also likes wearing striking looking costumes made of fishnet and other lurid material.

Steckler manages to squeeze in some fairly big production numbers featuring dancers with stripe costumes and painted faces. But the main appeal of the film is the unusual looking people who appear in it. Steckler has a real knack for finding awkward but charming individuals and any film by him has strange beauties...like Caroline Brandt, the type of gal you'd never find in any other films of the time. While *Incredibly Strange* is far from being a masterpiece it has become one of those must see items - mainly because of its title alone, which has been used by so many others in books and programmes about strange and bizarre films. (C.T.)



CITY ACROSS THE RIVER U.S.A. 1949, Prod/Dir. Maxwell Shane, Starring Peter Fernandez, Al Wilks, Joshua Shelley, Tony Curtis.

Critics at the time reeled in horror from the 'terrifying realism' of this flick, it prompted one writer to pull out the hyperbole and describe it as a picture which had 'blood smeared all over' it. Contemporary reviewers usually describe it as a milkosop version of Irving Shulman's novel *The Amboy Dukes* - whatta you expect from a 1949 Universal production? The rape of 12 year olds, graphic violence, brutal sex and dope (all of which are in the book)

In fact the only watered down thing about *City Across the River* is the liberal babbling at the beginning by Drew Pearson. Hoo Boy! Once Drew has quit his whining we're off into a story about wild teens (the Dukes) hangin' out in pool

halls, neckin' with gails, groovin' to hot records and generally getting into T-R-O-U-B-L-E. It's all too good to last and eventually a teacher gets shot with a zip-gun and the cops close in on the gang.

The virtually unknown cast (only Tony Curtis went on to the big time) helps add to the semi-documentary feel, but *City* really works when it forgets to be gritty and authentic and gets stagey. Joshua Shelley turns in a great over-the-top performance as Crazy, the Kook of the group. When we first see him, he's jumping around, flapping his arms and making bird sounds !!! Other neat touches help knock the realist tag for six and make it really good fun.

City Across the River is the missing link between films like *Public Enemy* and the played for kicks J.D. films of the 50's. Just don't approach it expecting serious social commentary. (L.K.)

RAT FINK A BOO BOO U.S.A. 1965, Morgan/Steckler Prod., Dir. Ray Dennis Steckler, Starring Carolyn Brandt, Vin Saxon (Ron Haydock), Titus Moede and Kogor. (Released on video in the U.K. by Mondo Movies!)

This has got to be one of the great undiscovered gems of sixties cinema - Yep it's that good! There's no other film quite like it. It's got a high fun quotient interlaced with yards of gritty mixture and it comes across as a crazy mixture of *A Hard Days Night*, *Cape Fear* (the one with Mitchum as the primordial, sweaty fear-merchant) and *Batman* (without any of the artificiality or Camp). If you are prepared to surrender some of your critical faculties and ride with the changes of mood you'll come out smiling. If not you'll love some bits and hate others.

Anyone who thinks Steckler is a no talent bum could do worse than watch this film - it's a well crafted and imaginative piece of work. The menace and suspense scenes are really packed with pent-up aggression and hatred, while the musical scenes are light fun-filled and hip huggingly exuberant. The rest shows Steckler's off-the-wall attitude and humour - one look at *Rat Fink* and *Boo Boo* in action should speak volumes about this.

Like any truly great film *Rat Fink a Boo Boo* is good because of all the little touches which were added during the making of the film itself. It's obvious that Steckler made *Rat Fink* with his friends and buddies and like all Steckler productions everyone chipped in with ideas and enthusiasm. It's this that helps lift the film way on up and give it its own unique effortless atmosphere. You'll find yourself carried along by it from the crazy beginning to the Gorilla soaked climax. And in between you'll find yourself singing 'Running Wild' and 'Rat Fink' and wishing you had a *Rat Fink* mask and costume. Can any film be more influential than this! (C.T.)



Michael Flores, the head honcho of *It's Only a Movie* fanzine recently had the good luck to spend some time rapping with the eternally funky **Rudy Ray Moore - The Human Tornado** himself. Rudy is a real warts-and-all original, a guy that practically defies description... take a look at any of his films and you'll know exactly what I mean. Rudy has just finished a tour with Millie "Bad Mouth" Jackson, but as Mike shows, his roots go way back - he's been doing his crude 'n crazy stuff for years. Anyway, one thing's certain, he shows up Eddie Murphy, Richard Pryor etc... as the bunch of no talent blandouts you always suspected them of being. Hopefully fate will be kind and Rudy will get some of the acclaim he so richly deserves.

Rudy Ray Moore has, after 31 years of being a legend in black entertainment, been found by white audiences. The release of his amazing films on video have brought him to markets he wasn't able to crack before. The films: **Dolemite**, **The Human Tornado**, **Peteey Wheatstrow**, **Disco Godfather** and his live concert video **Rude** have suddenly made him **THE GODFATHER OF BLUE** before Eddie Murphy, Richard Pryor and Sam Kinnison. Without ads, without airplay - by word of mouth through the black communities he had albums sell over 250,000 copies each ("Eat Out More Often" and "Dolemite") and became a legend in the black community.

Like Ed Wood, our saint of 1950's exploitation, Rudy overcame all odds to do his films - he made **Dolemite** with the money from his records. In fact, the albums and films were all written, produced and distributed by Rudy himself. Self made? Hell, if you look up the words self-reliant in the dictionary you'll find his picture!

When **Dolemite** opened, however, there was one area Moore hit that Wood would never hit. **Dolemite** opened to lines in Chicago and Atlanta and became a big hit. It didn't matter what the critics said, the people loved Moore, because they felt he captured the black street idiom. Even those that laugh at the films as crazy or camp watch them-you have to. There is no telling what will happen next!



Dolemite

THE HUMAN TORNADO SPEAKS...

In the months to come, I guess you'll be reading more and more about Mr. Moore. I'm glad we're the first to talk to him, but I have a feeling others will be quick to follow. **LONG LIVE RUDY RAY MORE!**

Mike: What was the comedy routine you did that made you a hit in the black community?

Rudy: Dolemite in the year 1970. I met a fellow who was a wino when I managed a big record store. He used to come in reciting these lines. I'd give him money whenever he'd break into his rap so he could eat. He could only eat soft food because his teeth were so bad. I would tell him to do Dolemite for me and everybody in the store would start laughing. I had him put it on tape for me and hastily went to the recording studio and elaborated on it from there. I took it to the record store I was running, which was called Dolphins of Hollywood. I put the needle on it and the customers heard the first line from it, "Some folks say Willie Green was the baddest motherfucker the world ever seen." Immediately, a guy walked up and said "Give it to me." He carried this record home and 30 minutes later I had people at the record store coming in and asking for the record. I sold 15 that night of Dolemite so I knew I had a hit. That started the rap for me.

Mike: Had you done any comedy before?

Rudy: Yes. I was professional.

Mike: How long have you been working in the business?

Rudy: 31 years. I had tried comedy records before but "Dolemite" was the first hit. I almost hit in the early sixties with an lp called "The Beatnik Scene" and I also recorded one on Du-Tone, the big comedy label in the black community of the time. I did an lp called "Below the Belt." That label was THE black comedy label at the time. Redd Foxx was on that label.

Mike: Did you know Redd Foxx?

Rudy: Oh yes. I've worked with Redd Foxx.

Mike: Who is bluer?

Rudy: I'm the first one to do that type of material. Redd Foxx is the one that did blue for his period. He did a number called "The Racetrack" but you had to read between the lines to get it. He'd say, "Pussywillow is up on My Dick. Pussywillow looks very cool, My Dick is leading by a slight edge." That kind of thing. It wasn't totally dirty. I was the first one to come out using actual pornography. Porno phrases like motherfucker and so forth and so on. I was the first one to do that. Before Eddie Murphy and all those. I may have been a little before my time because they cashed in on it.

DOLEMITE

with his all girl army
of Kung Fu killers!

UIGAWA! NEEDS A CHEAP LONDON
BASED PRINTER **** CAN YOU
HELP!!!!

Mike: Eddie Murphy can have his stuff shown on cable, but there was no way TV could touch your material in the 1970's

Rudy: No. I was so far out there that wouldn't have happened. I just did a film festival at the Strand Theater in San Francisco. They showed my films *The Human Tornado* and *Petey Wheatstraw*. I was on stage live, in person. The audience was 90% white! There was no chance of that in the 1970's! I worked a souvenir stand in the lobby and the audience bought everything I brought with me. It was the most sensational thing to happen to me. At least as a crossover. I've been attracting black audiences, but this is a new crowd that wants to see me. Its only happened within this year. I worked the Lingerie Club on Sunset Boulevard in the heart of Hollywood. My audience there was well, out of 450 customers, I noticed there were only 6 blacks! The Fire Department made them stop letting people in because the room was filled to capacity. The Lingerie Club is usually closed on Sundays, but they will be opening to let me do my show along with Leroy and Skillet, two other noted black comics who were also in *Petey Wheatstraw*.

Mike: You did an early record called *"The Beatnik Scene"*. What was that like?

Rudy: It was a clean type of humour about the beatniks of that period. A beatnik went up before the judge. The judge looks up at him and says, "Young man, have you ever been up before me?" He said, "Look here, baby, that all depends on what time you get up." No blue, just clean humour. It was very air playable. I turned to the dirty comedy because I was not able to make it with the clean comedy. From the first time I did the blue comedy I was able to sleep late and eat steaks so that's why I stuck to it. I'm doing an album called "Jokes For Church Folks" just to remind the industry that I'm versatile. I can do any style. I'm not conceited, but I am convinced that I am the greatest comedian out there on earth doing ghetto expressions. Eddie Murphy said to me, "Man, I grew up on you." Eddie Murphy has treated me like I was a king or something every time he meets me. He's the only one, out of the comedians doing dirty humour now that has given me both respect and credit.

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-- Andrea Juno, *Re/search
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**Bone-crushing,
skull-splitting,
brain-blasting
action!**

Mike: Did you mostly play strip clubs?

Rudy: No. The clubs I played were in the chitlin' circuit. A chitlin' club was a club in the black ghetto. Do you know what chitterlings are? They are the intestines from the hog which was all blacks were fed during the slavery times. The master would keep all the best parts of the hog and they'd give any other parts that they didn't want to their workers. The slaves took them and cleaned them and made a delicacy out of them. Nowadays they sell 'em and they are very expensive. The black man is the one who invented the chitlin' circuit, you know, so we called the black comedy circuit the chitlin' circuit. People had a good time in them. They danced real close together and all that stuff, you know. A little bump and grind. Like they did in 1949. You know.

Mike: (laughter) What happened to those clubs?

Rudy: You wouldn't believe it, but integration. Integration came in, people could go to fancy, expensive clubs and most of the chitlin' circuit, which was black owned, was replaced by these fancy places that didn't do blue. The upgraded clubs did not want to expose integrated audiences to sex humour.

Mike: Who first approached you about doing the film *Dolemite*?

Rudy: No one. I-myself-hey, as I say, I am the greatest! I am self made. I made my own records. Put 'em out on my own label. In fact, when I made the *Dolemite* lp, I took it to the record distributors and they made fun of it. One said to me "What are you going to do with this piece of junk." In front of me. I said, "sell it." This record distributor, three days later, called and ordered 3,000 copies for his stores in the ghetto. And he apologised to me saying that when I played it for him he didn't understand what it was. He didn't understand and he said, "I'm so sorry", and my luck started to change. I've put out many a record since then, you see. After I did the record, I took the money and put out *Dolemite*. I shot *Dolemite* myself with a little money. A shoestring. In Chicago it was a smash at the Woods Theater. It broke records at the Woods Theater. It took over \$17,000 on opening day at \$3 a head. The last picture to do that kind of business there was a James Bond picture. The manager walked over to me and said I was setting a record at the box office on opening day. It opened on Memorial Day, 1975. They stood in line five deep and the theater stayed open till 3a.m. Word of mouth in the black ghetto was already bringing in crowds by night. I walked up and down the line with my bodyguards telling jokes to people out in the street.

NERVE-SHATTERING BRAIN-BATTERING MIND-SPLITTING ONE MAN DISASTER

To thank them for standing in line. To see me live is well and good, but to come and see me on film—well, I thought it was so beautiful that they came. So I walked down the line, I'd spot a fat girl and say, "Oh I love those heavy girls, darlin'." You got the same thing them little skinny girls got but a damn sight more of it." Then I'd turn to a guy talking and say, "Man, you better shut up or I'll have this lady take one of her titties and beat you to death," and everyone in line would crack up. I had 'em whoopin' and hollerin' out in the street. You know, Chicago was the greatest city for my movies.

Mike: It's been said that if people like you in Chicago they will stick with you. Thick and thin. Not like the coasts, where the attitude is, "When will they fall?"

Rudy: The films also did well in Atlanta, Georgia. It was a good period. The Woods is closed now isn't it?

Mike: They've closed all the cool downtown theaters.

Rudy: The United Artists is gone?

Mike: Oh yes.

Rudy: The Oriental was showing "Cornbread, Earl and Me" when "Dolemite" opened. "Mandingo" was at the United Artists. Sammy Davis, Jr. had a concert picture at the Michael Todd. So we had everything going in the loop! Everyone was creative. I was strong, strong, strong in Chicago.

Mike: Before Kung Fu pushed those films out, there were critics who were putting a lot of heat on you guys as well. Did that hurt you?

Rudy: Well, there were also some organisations who felt we should do films with a message to it. I told some of them that if I made a message film it would die at the box office the first day. The only reason I was able to survive was that I was extremely controversial. I was daring and bold. That's what done it for me.

Mike: The people enjoyed it

Rudy: Oh yeah! One of my very dear friends wrote of me, well, I think of him that way because of the response I got, anyway, he wrote that **Dolemite**, despite the lines to get in, wasn't fit for a blind dog to see but it would probably be the blockbuster of the summer. The people said "I must go to see this film that isn't fit for a blind dog to see," and they lined the streets to see it. For four or five weeks in Chicago. To see **Dolemite**. So he done me a favour and now I can't get people to write something bad about me anymore. That's the kind of articles I need. Controversial articles. People want to read about controversy, so I think the attacks actually helped me!

Mike: I enjoyed the routine "Dolemite for President." Who were you running against?

Rudy: The best of my product came out on Kent records. There's even some music on "Dolemite for President" (begins singing) "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah" and stuff like that. It was a whole album, and I was running against Richard Nixon, McGovern and Humphrey—all of 'em. They were all in there.

Mike: Did you vote for yourself?

Rudy: No, I wasn't a write in. It was just a comedy routine.

Mike: So you weren't really trying to get the office.

Rudy: Oh, shit no.

Mike: (laughs) I haven't heard "Close Encounters of the Sex Kind". Is that a science fiction album?

Rudy: No. That was by Rudy Ray Moore, PHD. The PHD stood for "Pretty Hard Dick"! Then I told the ladies how to satisfy a man. On the other side of the album I told a man how to satisfy your woman. How to do what it takes. It's very, very hard risque.

Mike: Now there's a white comedian who does a lot of this material as well named Sam Kinnison. Have you heard of him?

Rudy: No. There weren't any white comedians doing this in the 1960s and early 1970s. Now the white girl comedians are beginning to do dirty humour. This is based on a black style of comedy that has always been popular. Like Luwanda Page, Lady Reed, Saint Esther—now white ladies are no holds barred. It would be nice if they acknowledged where this was from.

Mike: There are so many comics right now they have to do something to compete.

Rudy: I did a show in Texas where the audience was 25% black. So I think the audience is catching on to where this is from, this dirty humour.

Mike: Maybe these comedy clubs will wise up and have you do blue instead of those kids who are just catching on.

Rudy: I did a house party even. A white man flew me into Fort Worth to do his house party.

Mike: It's only a matter of time before the critics catch on. What were your biggest sellers?

Rudy: I did over 300,000 on 2 albums—"Eat Out More Often" and "This Pussy Belongs To Me".

Mike: That was without ads, radio play, reviews, TV appearances—strictly word of mouth?

Rudy: Yes. The records were in a storage place packed to the ceiling and more would come in from the record plant and we shipped them to the stores. Thirty-two distributors across the country handled my records. I leased it to Kent, but did the production myself. On my own label, Comedian International, at first and then to Kent.

Mike: You were a phenomenon in the black community.

Rudy: Oh yes. I've done shows with Bobby Bland, B.B. King, Millie Jackson...

Mike: I saw you in a cameo role in the excellent Penitentiary series—the second part. That was very funny.

Rudy: I was also in a film called **The Monkey Hustle**. That played Chicago at the Roosevelt Theater. That was American International Pictures. It was produced by Arthur Marx and played 13 weeks. It was a big picture. It starred myself and Yaphet Kotto, Rosalind Cash. Orion has the film on video. I don't have it. I have all the rest of 'em so your members can get them through me. **Dolemite**, **The Human Tornado**, **Peteey Wheatstraw** and **The Disco Godfather**. Also my concert, **Rude**. **The Monkey Hustle** was not my production.

Mike: Do you think that black people have different attitudes about language than white people do or did?

Rudy: They did. Not now. When I did **Dolemite** they wouldn't have even thought of doing it.

Mike: That humour stopped after all the trouble Lenny Bruce got into.

Rudy: Yes. And he didn't even put the dirty stuff on record. I think that scared white comics for years afterwards. Lenny Bruce went far out for his time, but I was the first to put pornographic words on record. He died all too soon.

Mike: Where did Peteey Wheatstraw come from?

Rudy: That was a character created by the beer joint liquor store wisemen over 50 years ago. Peteey Wheatstraw was also a man who used the name and became a blues singer. Peteey Wheatstraw, the devil's son-in-law. I took the parody, the joke, and made a screenplay out of it. That was the biggest film I'd had on my own. In the 1950's variations of the joke travelled the chitlin' circuit so everybody in the ghetto knew what it was when they saw the title.

Mike: Who influenced you when you were growing up? Or had enough impact to make you give it a shot?

Rudy: Lady by the name of Cal Donia out of Cleveland, Ohio. She and myself used to do shows together, and in doing the shows she'd do an outstanding act. I watched her for so long I was able to do this act. When I went into the army I used to go out and do soldier shows. When the act wasn't ready I'd go out and tell a joke. I was really just doing this lady's act. I went over so well with it, I had to come up with my own material and stick with it.

Mike: Do you have any other jobs now?

Rudy: No, no, no. I don't work. I have no job other than comedy! I'm right there and here to stay. I could dig you sending me your press release. I think we'll rap again.

Mike: I sure hope so, or as you would say, "I ain't lyin'!"

Rudy: Can you dig it! I ain't lyin' a pound. I would not lie to you baby. It's been a ball.

Mike: (laughter) Alright! High 5 me!

Rudy: Right on!

Rudy Rudy has cassette tapes available of his long out of print comedy albums which are desired by collectors. Prices: The first is \$4.95 plus \$2.00 postage per tape. Here's the list: **CLUB ENCOUNTERS OF THE SEX FIEND**, **THIS PUSSY BELONGS TO ME**, **EAT OUT MORE OPTER**, **THE PLAYER**, **THE HUSTLER**, **SOLSKITE FOR PRESIDENT**, **SOLSKITE**, **SOLSKITE IS ANOTHER CRAZY BIGGER**, **STREAGER**, **SOLSKITE**. I CAN'T BELIEVE I ATE THE WHOLE THING! Rudy Rudy also has the following videos for \$25 plus \$2.50 postage: **SOLSKITE**, **THE HUMAN TORNADO**, **PETEY WHEATSTRAW**, **THE DISCO GODFATHER** and his live on concert film **RUDE**. Now checks payable to RUDY RUDY MOORE, P.O. Box 11193, Los Angeles, CA 90011.

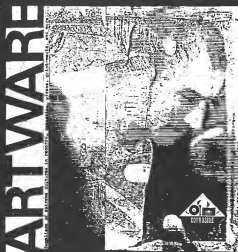
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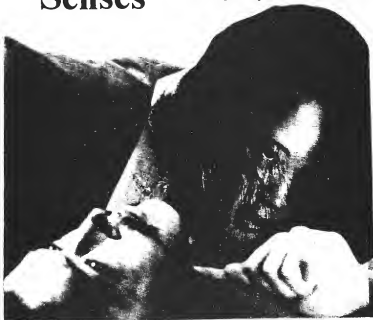
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TEN FILMS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD

Number One ☐

Empire of the Senses



Sada and Kichizo

Empire of the Senses or *Ai No Corrida* caused quite a splash in 1976. No one had yet seen an arty film with such commitment from its stars. It made *Last Tango in Paris* seem hollow and shallow in comparison. It had intensity, sex and blood. For once erotic cinema had been provided by a believable male lead. Tatsuya Fuji was superb as Kichizo - virile, good-looking and strangely passive he was without doubt the object of fascination for Sada (Eiko Matsuda). Together they were the claustrophobically pleasure bound lovers. Its clear that the interaction between these two and the director Nagisa Oshima was something fairly extraordinary. *Honey Parker* gives some idea of the complexities surrounding the film and details some of the shock waves caused by this captivating (for some) and offensive (for others) film.

Empire of the Senses - Arthouse crapola or a truly inspired piece of cinema? Where does the real answer lie? At first glance it would appear to be a waste of time as it's obviously a film designed to appeal to those semi-cultured buffoons who lap up films like *Wings of Desire* and *Ghosts of the Civil Dead*.

Unlike most art house cinema *Empire of the Senses* caused an almost worldwide furor upon its release. The scandal in Japan was truly earth shattering. It was a film which really touched a nerve and breached some unspoken taboos. Any film which causes this type of reaction is well worth investigating as it is obviously plugging into some important questions and sensitive areas.

The film was based on a bizarre case from 1936 called the *Abe Sada Incident*. A rather strange but true story that had some peculiar resonance with the Japanese public. The case centred

round a horned-up couple enmeshed in a world of total desire and ended with the woman being arrested. She had been walking round Tokyo for four days with a look of extreme bliss on her face and the genitals of her lover clutched in her hands. Public reaction was surprisingly compassionate and she was regarded as some kind of tragic heroine. The case was handled with some leniency, and a successful play was produced about her life when she was released from prison at the end of World War II. However, the whole incident is still considered a fairly touchy topic, and the mere mention of her name can invoke areas that are still considered taboo.

Like all of Oshima's films it's a vigorous investigation into what makes Japanese society tick. *Empire of the Senses* follows the same trajectory as his earlier films - an intolerable situation causes a violent explosion which offers some kind of solution or release. Surprisingly enough it was the only film of his that western critics latched onto wholeheartedly and discussed at length. For some reason it became his most accessible work.

OBSURED BY CRUDS

There are other reasons for the scandal that the film caused, and to fully explain the uproar it's necessary to have a brief look at film production in Japan. The Japanese film industry is one of the most highly regulated and censored in the world. Laws against indecency in films are numerous, all imported films featuring nudity must have the pubic hair and genitals blacked out. If they're not blacked out they're scratched out, blurred out or smeared out. In short it's a physical impossibility to see anything mildly stimulating on film, even when it's in front of you, as everything is rather annoyingly obscured. These rigorous censorship laws have had an even weirder effect on the Japanese home grown product, which has gone to extreme lengths to avoid the smearers and smudgers.

In order to get their products released Japanese film makers have come up with a reliable formula to make their product appear harmless and titillating...each film is a kind of Carry on Kabuki meets the Marquis de Sade. Anyone indulging in sex on-screen is usually portrayed as a squalid loon who gets their kicks from way-out forms of rape and bondage. Sex is not just naughty, it's crazy. Unfortunately this type of film making is "bread and butter" to the whole industry. The birth of television whammed the entire industry, dealing it a cruel, brutal financial body blow. Theatres closed and big name directors (Kobayashi, Ichikawa and Kurosawa) were practically on their



uppers. In desperation the industry turned towards the crazy soft-core product ("Pink Film") already described. This was just what the flagging film industry needed to keep it ticking over, each film could be produced for a measly £6,000 (\$12,000) - so they were pure profit. However, everything in the Pink Film industry was not totally rosy, and many directors have been prosecuted for obscenity. The most famous was Yamaguchi Seicho, when prosecuted he declared that his films had not been obscene enough.

IN THE REALM OF THE CENSORS

In making *Empire of the Senses*, Oshima made something without any of the restrictions usually associated with Japanese Sex Films. He managed to circumvent the censors and produce the film by exporting the undeveloped film footage to Paris for processing and editing. However, the film was shown in Japan in a mutilated form - it had 49 major cuts.

The censorship in Japan and the hot press the film received in Paris, the US etc. resulted in greater curiosity, and astute entrepreneurs organised *Empire of the Senses* trips to Paris during 1976-1977. One of those who saw it there was Kumashiro Tatsumi, the noted director of Japanese softcore. He left the theatre dismayed and humbled saying "How can I go on making what I have been making?" Clearly he felt the ante had been upped within the much maligned

sex film genre. It looked like Oshima had been shrewd enough to use the porn film to help highlight the stupid censorship restrictions in Japan. By riding on the wings of controversy he had stimulated public interest to an unheard of degree, making his film a totally must-see item. After all, forbidden fruit seems much sweeter.

THE FRENCH SVENGALI

The censorship and suppression continued, and Oshima's book about the making of the film was also banned. Any publicity is good publicity, and interest in the film flourished inside and outside Japan.

The whole credit for *Empire of the Senses* should not rest on the shoulders of Oshima alone. The French producer Anatole Dauman was the Svengali who coaxed and



Early Oshima same
Preoccupations

Oshima!



cajoled Oshima into making the film. It was he who suggested the title and more than anyone it was he who breathed life into Oshima's innermost desires. Dauman was the wizard behind many early films by Godard and Chabrol, but with Empire of the Senses he really surpassed himself. Since, he has gone into a decline, producing watered down pap like Paris, Texas and Wings of Desire.

The scandal and outrage that the film caused in Japan was largely ignored by the foreign press who latched on to the idea that the film was intrinsically Oriental or Japanese. A kind of inscrutable Blue Movie. They seemed to suggest that the ideas embodied in it had been

Bondage and Perversity!



reflected in a number of Japanese films which will be touched on later. Oshima is a (male) director who is fairly qualified to handle a film where the central character is a woman-when Dauman first approached him in 1972 to make a film he was the host of a TV show devoted to the problems of women. **THE DEMONIC FEMALE COMETH**

Back in the good old days of Japanese cinema during the thirties and forties, women were seen as gentle, wise and passive, they were the source of intrinsic goodness and calm peaceful Maternal power. Over the years this representation changed, and they began to be

shown as the real source of power below the rather tawdry, superficial male world. It was films like Insect women of Japan (1963), Intentions to Murder (1964) and Secret Desires of the Gods (1968) which helped to totally change the image of women in Japanese cinema. These films focussed on women who had the key to unlimited power, the power to swallow whole the male world. In only a few more steps the image of women would be the vengeful demon of seventies Japanese cinema.

This kind of fear of women is central to Japanese cinema and it's an idea which is relentlessly explored in the Empire of the Senses. The



expressed in countless other preceding Japanese films. What they didn't recognise was that the film touched on what were fairly forbidden and generally ignored topics within Japan in general. The preoccupations may have been inherently Japanese, but they were also unconsciously censored or repressed. All of Oshima's films are an investigation into this unacknowledged or secret spirit of the Japanese; a nation who are more at ease with death than with life. Following writers like Mishima, he feels that the Japanese are a nation "in a hurry to live and a hurry to die".

Mixed in with these ambivalent feelings to life and death there is also a weird attitude to women in Japanese society. This has been

Another Day Another Man!





Beauty and Blood in Japanese comics.

attraction and terror of women is a major concern of the film and it's one of the reasons why it's such a harrowing piece of cinema. By the end of the film Sada has become red-eyed, demonic looking and increasingly associated with - the Knife. The love affair between Kichizo and Sada is always intense, personal and obsessive, even in its very beginnings it has a weird, mesmerising flavour. Soon it descends into the realm of bizarre and strange desires as the couple get into things like constant (and I mean constant) love-making and semi-strangulation. Her desire is a key which unlocks deep-rooted currents within Kichizo, and he seems to be a willing instrument that she can use to take her deeper into uncharted areas of pleasure. Their continuous love-making is interrupted by some fairly offbeat stuff; Sada dips food into her pri-

vate parts and Kichizo munches it quite happily; she slips an egg into her vagina and totally ingests it; she urges him to make love to a geriatric geisha while she watches pale and trembling.

Together they plumb the depths of erotic behaviour and the outside world becomes a shadow beyond the door to which they barely belong. Their desire is impossible, it has no place in the world-it's a mad burning love which can only end in death. In one of the strangest endings to any film she strangles her lover and faints from pleasure. When she awakens she cuts his genitals off so she can truly possess them.

OH NO NOT THE KNIFE!

The ending really struck home when the film was shown in the west and it caused many critics to gasp as they gulped down their coffee. Opinion was divided as to whether it was anything other than unadulterated pornography. Despite the fact that there was none of the anatomical obsession that you usually find in pornography. A few championed it, digging deep for the academic references to de Sade, Bataille and the wood engravings of Hokusai and Utamaro.



The soft but all powerful Insect Woman.



As usual it was a veritable Pseudo Corner with chaps like Arthur Knight describing it as "at once erotic, meaningful and true". However most critics thought the so-called "Castration scene" was "intolerable" and "unwatchable" - especially if you were drinking coffee! - though sleaze fan Arthur Knight stuck by his guns declaring it "thematically essential".



Sadism in Nipponese Cinema.

Some would argue that the ending neatly scotches a favourite male fantasy, the idea of surrendering totally and absolutely to female desire. However the film is a fairly ambiguous and disquieting piece of work which raises all sorts of conflicting emotions. It would also take a small book to discuss all the interesting aspects of this film and its production history: what I have provided is merely a crude outline or introduction. In the final analysis it's up to you to see it yourself and make up your own mind about this unique and controversial film.

HONEY PARKER

Honey Parker will be hosting the letters page in Ungawa! No2. So if you any problems or queries... just Tell them to Honey!

BOOKS



OVEREXPOSED: TREATING SEXUAL PERVERSION IN AMERICA by Sylvere Lotringer, Pantheon Books, New York, 1988.

Let's take a trip into the world of the sexual deviant...the world of those who have strayed from the 'correct path' and got caught. What would you do to someone who likes cutting off women's breasts with a knife and squeezing the blood out of them? If you were Krat-Ebbing you'd measure his member with a ruler and then have him locked up. Today they have other methods. This slim volume by the founder of *Semiotexte*, that wordy U.S. mag, is a study of modern methods of coping with deviation and makes interesting if patchy reading. The modern approach is cool and clinical. They use aversion therapy to de-eroticise any abnormal or bizarre fantasies through constant repetition. Give them mounds of what they like so it eventually becomes boring. Keep it coming until they want you to turn it off. While it may be a method that works it's still bizarre and singlet-ind - burn out the symptom to treat what they classify as a disease. Unfortunately there's not much sensational detail here for lovers of the lurid - but there's something of interest (even if it is small) for those who find this type of clinical control and organisation fascinating and its obviously an area which could be explored further. (C.T.)

HELLFIRE - The Jerry Lee Lewis Story, Nick Tosches, Plexus, 1982
Tormented by Demons and Damnation, Jerry Lee is a man who guiltily rejoices in the sins of the flesh and the pentecostal power of Rock 'n Roll. Amen Brother. *Hellfire* is his story and what a story it is. It's a tale of near biblical proportions, of meteoric rises and great wealth, of sudden falls, couldn't-care-less debt and all-consuming jealousy. It's also the story of his Cain and Abel relationship with his Sleaze 'n Salvation cousin Jimmy Lee Swaggart. There's hardly a break in the all-round craziness and Tosches paints it in all the salacious depth we need and love. Even Jerry Lee Junior is a real chip off the old block - a guy who can take 10 to 12 baths in one evening and a firm believer that a little boy and a little girl are living in his belly ??? Junior and chums later bought it in a grisly car crash. As *Great Balls of Fire* is about to hit the theatres soon it may be that *Hellfire* will get some of the exposure it deserves. Like its subject it's an American classic and as Maverick and Original as you can get. (L.K.)

HOLLYWOOD MADAM by Lee Francis, Holloway House Pub. 1987.

Originally published as *Ladies on call* this is the charming autobiography of 'a play for pay girl'. Lee Francis was a celebrated Madam who catered to the Hollywood crowd, those Horny celebs who inhabited tinseltown. It has some quaint and amusing anecdotes about the stars - did you know that Jean Harlow liked tying guys to a four-poster and straddling them while setting the bed on fire?? The book is full of dainty sizzlers like this.....unfortunately Lee didn't outlive her more famous clients so you never get the full works just the occasional titbit.

Lee ran one of the more 'upscale' houses in Hollywood, a plush Bordello equipped with posh dining rooms, bars, tennis courts, swimming pools and even a billiards room. It was no poke-and-run joint but a house of leisure. Lee gained experience in the art of love by touring the pleasure-bins of the World, it was here that she learned about the exotic and the erotic. In Europe, India and Mexico they used

their imagination when it came to S-E-X. In Paris they dipped girls in chocolate and nibbled it off, while in India they used hot, hot tubs to make their girls glowing, hot and passionate. Sights like these impressed the young Ms Francis and she was determined to incorporate this light-hearted approach into her own houses of pleasure. She threw swinging parties with 'three-way girls' and organised Orgies in Amusement Parks.....All in All, a rather tasteful glimpse into an age gone past.....Madam Cyn could never write anything like this!! (C.T.)



Breakfast Southern Style

HONEYTRAP by Anthony Summers & Stephen Dorrell, Weidenfeld & Nicholson, 1987.

From the guy that unearthed Marilyn Monroe's autopsy photograph comes an investigation into the Profumo affair, the story that shook up the nation in 1963. It's a tale of intrigue and hatred with large dollops of John le Carre goings-on in fact the undercover stuff is quite stomach-churningly callous and very nasty. It seems Ward was the whipping boy and the whole Keeler scandal was merely a sideshow to divert attention away from the real issue - national security. Like all good reads its full of juicy juicy gossip and Summers has dug up some really bizarre facts about many of the people involved. A chilling and titillating read. (C.T.)

Intimate Recollections Of a Hollywood Madam

LADIES ON CALL

by Lee Francis

The stags, cruises, orgies and weird demands of Hollywood's satiated, jaded, lonely and peckered are exposed in this all-revealing autobiography by Lee Francis, Hollywood's most famous Madam. She gives you a bold, behind-the-bedroom-door look at the big names in action. She takes you on a bizarre world tour to meet Billy, the whip boy of *Isle of Man*, Monique, who is satistically initiated to the 'professors' at a Saturday night party at an *Oliver* whoreshouse, Juan, the Spanish matador who fires up boys for housewives, Suzie, the chocolate girl, the steaming hot girls of Kashmir, and many more.

HH-112

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Ungawa tips its cap to one of the all-time great female directors of low budget exploitation, sleaze and trash. No one has an ear for dialogue or an eye for composition like Doris Wishman. Residents of Berlin were fortunate enough to see a varied selection of her work in a recent groundbreaking festival. Long time devotee and fan John Mulholland was lucky enough to be on the spot, and gives a breakdown of all the films shown at the festival.

In June the Eiszeit cinema in Berlin held Europe's first ever Doris Wishman festival, aptly called **Bad Girls Go To Hell** : **The Incredibly Trashy B Movies of Doris Wishman**. The nine films screened covered her career from the sixties nude boom up to the Chesty Morgan/Transplant films of the seventies. The whole affair was organised by the soon to be published sleaze and exploitation magazine **Slut Journal**, and is the first in a series of activities involving the elusive director. Interviewed at her home in Los Angeles for **The Incredibly Strange Film Show** she was still seeking financial backing for her latest project, which centres around an agency run by women for snuffing out unfaithful husbands. Her legendary **A Night to Dismember** has been completed, and will hopefully see the light of day soon.

A DOUBLE DOSE OF DORIS

The festival featured five double bills, each based on a definite theme. It began with her two best known films, the classic **Double Agent 73** (1974) and the fairly mind boggling **Deadly Weapons** (1974). After this double dollop of over-

blown mammaries came the **Bad Girls** double feature : **Bad Girls Go To Hell** (1966) and **The Immoral Three**, aka **Hotter than Hell** (1972). These proved to be a real treat. Shot in glorious Black and White, **Bad Girls Go To Hell** stars the incredible curvaceous Gigi Darlene, one of the true undiscovered babes of sixties sexploitation. She's blonde, beautiful, and married to some office lamebrain. After he leaves for work Gigi lounges wantonly around, displaying her eye-popping charms. After she has dressed (!) she takes the trash out, and on her way downstairs bumps into the janitor, a fat sleazoid who quickly pulls her onto his apartment and tries to rape her. Being all woman Gigi puts up a fight and wallops this lump of lard on the head with an ashtray (a Wishman favourite - the ashtray turns up again as a lethal weapon in **The Immoral Three**).

After this Gigi flees to New York where she is used and abused by a bunch of half baked cheesy geeks. She takes a job caring for an old woman, unfortunately her son is an off duty cop who recognises Gigi's face and figure (who wouldn't ?!!). Just as he is about to pounce on her ... she awakes totally startled from her sleep. Sweet Jesus ! It was only a dream ! She gets up and takes the trash downstairs, on her way down she ...

WHAT MAKES A WISHMAN FILM ?

Bad Girls has all the classic Doris Wishman elements : loads of feet, awful acting, telephones, cheap sets, terrible dubbing and, you guessed it - perfect hairstyles !

Like any truly great director she ignores all the phony conventions and accepted rules of film making and so creates films with their own individual charm. Whatever the subject matter all her films bear her own unique stamp.

In the sixties she turned out films with beehived blondes in high heels and hose, while in the seventies she followed fashion and produced films like **The Immoral Three**, which had the heroine waddling around in platform shoes and sporting wide wide flares. However one thing was still totally unchanging, the same cheap apartment, the same motel room and props. One nice thing about watching a group of Doris Wishman films one after another is spotting the same cheap wallpaper, ashtrays and chairs. She also has a fascination with communication and telephones. In the typical Wishman film the telephone is a central presence and it dominates any number of scenes. Her camera remains pretty motionless, so she makes the most of the objects that happen to be in front of it.

They Love... They Kill... There's Nothing
THE They Wouldn't Do!...

IMMORAL THREE

Starring
CINDI BOUDREAU
MICHELE MARIE
SANDRA KAY



CINEMATIC RELEASE
IN COLOR

R RESTRICTED

THE BARE-ASSED MOTHER

The Immoral Three is the tale of three sisters re-united at the funeral of the mother they never knew. In order to get their inheritance they must avenge the death of their mother, Agent 73. She had been a top agent whose assignments, shown in flashback, required a lot of bare ass. So, like mother like daughter, there are plenty of hilarious scenes, especially a gardener getting blown with an expression of sexual pleasure that's straight out of a Carry On film. The violence in her films is never totally convincing and the characters are quite lukewarm when it comes to expressing Sadism. In the seventies her style and approach was out of place, and most considered it old hat. They could easily see more raunchy sex and more malicious sexual violence in other grindhouse fare.

When Wishman was cutting her teeth making films a little bit of nudity was enough to keep the public happy. A few breasts gleefully exposed and the idea that sex didn't have to be shameful or dirty was enough for the average grindhouse patron. Day three of the festival featured two films from this extraordinary and productive period... **Gentlemen Prefer Nature Girls** (1962) and the all-time classic **Nude on the Moon** (1961), both shot a la Russ Meyer in luxurious Eastman Color.

Gentlemen Prefer Nature Girls centres around the problems of being a nudist. Tom is sacked from the office, simply because he happens to be a nudist! Luckily enough his boss is exposed to the delights of life in a nudist camp and quickly realises he has been coming on like a total square. He rehires Tom and everything is fine again. This flimsy plot is enough to support loads of scenes featuring nudists in action, watering plants and playing endless games of volleyball. The actual nudists are all fairly uncomfortable in front of the camera. Without a suitable prop they smile self-consciously while waving to a friend off camera, or chat with an equally uncomfortable companion who is also looking for someone to wave to. They carry beach balls to cover the appropriate area, and for nudists they have incredibly pasty asses.

Nude on the Moon has a great plot. Two astronauts land on the moon and discover that it's not a barren shitheap after all, it's a luscious paradise of tropical fauna, flora and... naked girls! These moon dolls are spared the trouble of using their lips, they're telepathic with bits of wire popping out from the top of their heads. Unfortunately the astronauts must stay wrapped up in their space duds, i.e. motorcycle helmets and tight pants decorated with cotton wool and tin foil. When the astronauts leave they forget their camera. Hell! Nobody will believe them now. Like **Gentlemen Prefer Nature Girls** this is a beautifully naive film, it is innocence captured in the raw. There is no attempt at innuendo, the camera just captures the playful freshness of the whole thing.

For information about
Slut Journal write to:..

SLUT JOURNAL
c/o Graf Haufen
Weissenstrasse 58
1000 Berlin 44
West Germany.



Nude on the Moon

The next helping made the quantum leap from pure innocence to pure unadulterated sleaze. **The Amazing Transplant** (1970) and **Let Me Die a Woman** (1978) made up the sex operation double bill. I didn't catch **Transplant**, the story of an impotent man who has his dead friend's well exercised cock grafted on and becomes a sex fiend as a result. (Somebody told me it was pretty boring if that is any consolation.)

Wishman made **Let Me Die a Woman** under a pseudonym, and it's a sincere look at the plight of the transsexual. "Doctor" Leo Wollman M.D. is our host for this descent into bad taste. We listen to an assortment of ugly people with problems spill the beans to Leo. This is real people, he is a real doctor, we know this because he reads his lines off a cue card, badly. The doctor tells the story of one desperate transsexual, impatient for the operation, who decided to do the job himself. Behind the doctor is a figure in the shadows, his pecker on the table, a chisel in one hand and a hammer in the other. The actual sex change operation is worse than that in shocking Asia, though not as explicit. The stars of the film are the nameless she-males who don't mind exposing their parts for investigation, or romping around on beds with their lovers for the camera.

The final sleaze and scum double feature combined **Too Much Too Often** (1965) with **The Immoral Three** again, as the legendary **Another Day Another Man** did not arrive. Filmed around the same period as **Bad Girls Go To Hell** it's just as hot, tasty and exciting. **Too Much** details the exploits of tough guy Mike Torson, a man who likes "his liquor strong and his women weak". Mike is a blow-dried version of Mickey Hargitay who is going to get to the top any damn way he can. He blackmails a fat advertising executive into employing him after he has given him a good spanking. Like any ruthless hunk he climbs to the top by seducing a heap of young women - the latest is of course the boss's daughter. Unfortunately for Mike his past catches up with him, and a cop arrives with the father and beats the shit out of him for being a scumbag. To avoid any confusion a flashback shows just what a total degenerate and bum Mike really was.

Like **Bad Girls**, **Too Much Too Often** has all the things we know and love about a Doris Wishman film, plenty of bizarre camera angles, dialogue accompanied by shots of feet, and of course lots of telephones. The familiar voice narrating many of the female characters' thoughts is presumably that of Doris Wishman. It will be great to finally see the face behind what are unique contributions to the world of exploitation.



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The



Klaus gets Kinky in **Venus in Furs**

FRANCO file

PART ONE

Ungawa are pleased to present an interview with **Jess (Jesus) Franco**, the much maligned director of Euro Horror and Sex films. Franco is an interesting character who has been working in the film industry for over thirty four years. During this time he has directed around 200 films - only a tiny percentage of which have ever been screened in the United States or Britain. To ardent lovers of sleaze, horror and exploitation films he is known affectionately as "the Great Man". While to others he is merely a hack, a hard working buffoon who churns out pot-boilers and zoom-filled pap. The truth lies somewhere in between and the definitive study of the man and his work has yet to be written. The most realistic and serious appraisal of his work (in English) has been in the *Arum Film Encyclopaedia of Horror*.

Franco was born in Madrid on the 12th May 1930. His fascination with cinema goes back to his early childhood, when he was deeply taken by serials and other sorts of fantastic cinema. It's obvious that Franco's interests extend way beyond cinema and as a young man he studied law and music. For a brief period he played trumpet in a jazz combo and rumour has it that he cut a few discs. (If anyone has copies of these records I would be very interested in hearing from them). His love of jazz was deep, and it influenced him to choose the pseudonym Clifford Brown (one of his many film aliases) after the legendary Be-Bop Blaster.

In the early fifties he did some practical training in film production, working with some of the more respected names in Continental Cinema. He worked on the film revue "Film Ideal", and was a founder of the now defunct film magazine "Griffith". After this he produced three shorts, *L'Exil du Cid* (1959), *L'Olivier* (1959) and *Pio Barja*, a documentary about the life of the writer; this won a few prizes outside his native country.

His next venture was the longer *Tenemos 18 Años* and after that the Franco production line really got going with *Gritos en la Noche* (1962). This was the first of his many films to combine sex, horror and sleazy surgery - Franco found this a useful mixture to cook up quickly into a film. He has always been interested in the perverse and the erotic but censorship restricted what could be portrayed on screen. In order to get past the beady eyes of the censor, he had to combine the interest in sex and sexual suggestion with large doses of terror. It was for these reasons that he was drawn into the surgery sub-genre.

Throughout the sixties and seventies he produced films at a fairly alarming rate, and often appeared in his own (and other people's) films in fairly small or cameo roles. The sheer volume of his work may be one of the reasons why he has been ignored by critics and writers - after all, how could anyone who produces so many films be interesting?

The genres he works in have also been against any kind of critical interest in his work, not just because they are looked down upon by the critical establishment, but for other reasons. To work within these areas Franco has had to sacrifice a certain amount of control over his works - and they are often retitled by the distributor and have some ludicrous moniker slapped on them before they are peddled to the hapless consumer.

In earlier interviews Franco claimed he was influenced by the Surrealists, German Expressionists, the German Edgar Wallace films and most major 'B' movie directors. In recent years his tastes have changed and he cites other more contemporary directors as his favourites - some of the names he admires may come as a surprise, especially to his more ardent fans.



'The Great Man' and friend.



In the sixties Franco began to work outside Spain, getting involved in Euro Co-Productions - this became his forte, and he ended up directing films in as many as eight languages at once. Working outside Spain was financially beneficial for him, and he could produce a film with a small crew of around ten people. This meant cheap, cost effective productions, one of the reasons he has made so many films. One of his ventures into the mainstream was working as second unit director on Orson Welles' *Chimes at Midnight* (1967). This was a big success at the Berlin film festival, and soon he was able to work with American actors such as Jack Palance. At one point he was ready to make two features with Paul Newman!!

He continued to make an incredible number of films under various pseudonyms and this is why his work has been so difficult to assess. Names have always been a problem with Franco, and he has made films under any number of aliases. Franco realised that his christian name - Jesus, sounded out of place outside catholic Spain, so he adopted the name Jess instead. The other aliases (Franco Manera, F. Frank Manera, J. Frank Maura, Frank Hollman, Frank Hullman, Clifford Brown, Henri Baum, John Frank and Jess Frank) have probably been adopted to obscure the fact that he's a prolific guy.

The prolific nature of his output indicates that he makes films because he is driven to it. Obviously he has some deep rooted obsessions which he must express on film, the fact that he keeps doing so must mean that these obsessions have never been resolved. They shine through in his films, but only in patches. In fact almost any Franco film has at least one scene where he realises or creates something beyond the pale or out of the ordinary. It's these flashes of imagination that make many Franco films worthwhile

His most famous works are *Diabolical Dr Z* (1965), *Cartes sur Table* (1965 shown on U.S. television as *Attack of the Robots*), *Necromicon* (1967), *Eugenie...the Story of her Journey into Perversion* (1969), *99 Women* (1968), *Sumuru* (1968), *Venus in Furs* (1969), *Night of the Blood Monster* (1970), *The Erotic Rites of Frankenstein* (1973), *Les Possedeés du Diable* (1974), *Sadist of Notre Dame* (1979), *Cannibal* (1979), *La Chica de las Bragas Transparentes* (1981), *Historia Sexual de O* (1982).

While some of these are tedious and unwatchable (e.g. *The Sadist of Notre Dame*), others, such as *Diabolical Dr Z* are frighteningly compelling in a sleazy kind of way. For some reason his favourite is *La Chica de las Bragas Transparentes* - a steamy transsexual thriller which has the easy eroticism of many Franco films.

In fact the true Franco hallmarks are his ability to create tasteless and outrageous scenes as in *Les Possedeés du Diable* where huge crabs crawl out of a woman's private parts. He also seems to have an easy way with nudity on screen, naked women in Franco's films move easily and he's definitely one of those few people who can handle people in fairly provocative and intimate scenes.

On the continent he is labelled as an 'artisan of eroticism', but it is easily seen that some of his films stand head and feet above the rest of the genre. His reputation in Europe varies from country to country. In Spain he is largely ignored, while in France he has been the object of some rather wordy, overblown features. His films have yet to be written about in an interesting and coherent way - what I have just done is at best a fairly crude outline.

It's obvious that Franco is an exceptionally hardworking and fascinating personality, and almost any aspect of his work would be well worth dealing with in depth. For example the relationship between his novels and his films has never been fully explained, or what drives or inspires him to include such provocative scenes in his films. The following interview should provide a tantalising glimpse into the workings of 'the Great Man' and I can only hope that many other interviews with him become available in the near future. I must thank Pierre Charles of *Cine Zine Zone* magazine for allowing me to reprint this interview.

The superb Cine Zine Zone
is available from
Pierre Charles
16 Avenue Emile Zola
94 100 Saint Maur
France

Franco

Of the hundred and fifty films that you've directed quite a few are still unreleased in France. Perhaps we could talk about some of the more interesting ones in the hope that a video company might think about putting them out...

J.F.: One of my favourite films is **Lucky El Intrepido**, of which the Italian title is **Lucky Il Fenomeno** ('67). It was made just like a comic strip. The star

was Ray Danton. He played the part of a spy who everyone recognised, in spite of his crazy disguises. The producers were very confused but the film went together very well. It was the first time I'd worked with the German producer Arthur Brauner (famous for the Edgar Wallace series). He loved the film, which was one of the craziest I've ever made and Ray Danton understood that this was a brilliant part for him, but he was brilliant too, spoke loads of languages and was helpful to everybody.

*He was excellent in **The Rise and Fall of Legs Diamond** and was in lots of Italian action films and he has now directed several horror and suspense films...*

J.F.: Yes, a very good director. I've seen four or five of his films on TV and they were very good. He played the part dead straight but talked complete crap

like an idiot. He comes to check into a hotel and is asked his name; he replies: "Lucky". Last name? "The fearless"! The whole thing was like that. He knew every spy in the world. He has dinner with a friend who mentions Ivan Ivanov. He replies: "He's an agent for the KGB. I've met him many times". Then he looks at the camera and says to the audience: "If you want to know more about my meetings with Ivanov, read volume three of my memoirs..." I thought it was a super film. It was very successful in Germany and in the States film buffs liked it, but in general it wasn't understood. It was shown recently on Spanish TV and people were surprised by how contemporary it looked, even though it was more than twenty years old. I don't know if it was 100% successful, that's difficult for me to say, but there were some completely crazy things in it: a chase in a nineteenth century train through Albania. In the train the hero says to his friend: "Don't worry, I speak Bulgarian very well with a perfect Bulgarian accent".

After **Neconomicon** I used the same Lucky again in **El Caso de las Dos Bellezas o Sadisterotica and Besame, Monstruo** ('67). This was the story of two girl detectives who also get mixed up in some impossible adventures. In **Besame**, for example, Michel Lemoine plays the part of a mad scientist who has created some androids, perfect except for the fact that they are a little stupid! And so they obey him but not quite... **Sadisterotica** was a story that I liked a lot about an artist who paints horrifying pictures. He commits murders, photographs the victims and then enlarges the photos and paints over them. This way he gets a frightening realism. It was like **Peeping Tom** in paint.

The
Diabolical
Dr. Z

Interview



That story about the robots reminds me of the excellent *Cartes sur Table*...

J.F.: Ah, that's a film I like. It's aged a bit now but at the time I put a lot into it. In writing the script Jean-Claude Carrière and me tried to avoid all the clichés of the genre. We took the Eddie Constantine character and tried to make him do the exact opposite of what he would normally be expected to do and I think it worked out pretty well.

Very well! *Cartes sur Table* makes me think of Godard's *Alphaville*.

J.F.: Oh yes, certainly. *Alphaville* is a key film. I adore *Alphaville*.

In 1968 you made two *Fu Manchu* films with Christopher Lee: *El Castillo de Fu Manchu* made in Turkey and *Fu Manchu y el Beso de la Muerte*...

J.F.: The second film was made entirely in Brazil. As usual *Fu Manchu* kidnaps a bunch of scientists but here the gangsters are replaced by snakes. Jeremy Summers who directed *The Vengeance of Fu Manchu* after the first two in the series were directed by Don Sharp, was also going to work on the next two but he was tied up in a contract with the BBC, American International, who were about to buy *Necronomicon*, decided that I could do it and got in touch with me in a typically American way - they phoned me up at three in the morning to ask me if I wanted to direct these two *Fu Manchus*!

Then you made another film based on a Sax Rohmer story: *La Cuidad Sin Hombres*, a story about Su Muri.



The fine art of foot licking from *Venus in Furs*

J.F.: With Shirley Eaton, the golden girl from *Goldfinger* and with George Sanders who died the following year. That was also made in Brazil.

Black Angel is probably one of the two or three films I like the most. I have no idea why it hasn't been shown in France. The film was set against a jazz background and James Darren was perfect in the part of the trumpet player.

A terrible french porno film, directed by some unknown was released with the same credits as *Mrs Hyde* or *Sie Toetete in Extase*.

J.F.: That was a good film. It was widely distributed. A young scientist makes an important discovery but it is not believed by the head of the school of medicine. He goes crazy and kills himself. His wife, who loves him and who was his assistant, hides his body. She also goes insane and kills all those she considers responsible for her husband's death. She kills them in all sorts of terrible ways and then she goes back to the cellar where she has hidden her husband's body and says to him: "Now you can die in peace, I am coming with you" and she lies down and starts to make love to his dead body. Soledad Miranda played the part of the wife. She was marvellous. That was her last film... In *Vampiros Lesbos* she was brilliant too. She was a gypsy who began singing and dancing while still very young. Then she went to an acting school. That was when I got her to play Lucy in *Les Nuits de Dracula*. And that was also when I realised that Christopher Lee was completely dazzled when he played scenes with her. He told me: "I've played this scene sixty times before and yet this time I'm get-



ting goose pimples. She's giving me something that no other woman ever has". All the films I was going to do for Brauner were to be with her. But she was killed in a car crash...

Der Todesracher von Soho was one of the last of the Edgar Wallace series...

J.F.: One of the actors from that is now quite famous: Horst Tapper who has been playing Inspector Derrick for ten years now. He's a very good stage actor, even though Derrick is pretty shallow.

In 1973 you directed William Berger in *Los Ojos Siniestros del Doctor Orloff*...

J.F.: William Berger is a strange case. He's a very good actor with a great presence and a strong personality and a good guy too, but he's always stuck in second rate roles. He's a very clever man too, a writer who's written some good stuff. He's still working in television in Italy. Orloff wasn't a period piece like some of the first films. It had some of the atmosphere of *Dracula*, *Prisonnier de Frankenstein*. There were cars but you didn't know exactly when it took place. Monty Proust was also very good in that. She's now very successful in Spain, in the theatre, in a Catalan company.

Berger was also in *Die Liebesbriefe einer Portugiesischen Nonne/ Cartas de Amor a una Monja Portuguesa*, made in 1976...

J.F.: That's a lovely film, based on a Portuguese book. I made several films at that time in Portugal for De Nesle. The book was considered a classic. It consisted of love letters from a nun to her confessor. The letters were incredible and the story was set in a nunnery.

The priest (Berger) falls in love with a nun, played by little Susan Hemmingway. The whole film was shot in Portugal in an amazing place full of Gothic buildings with an oriental influence. You remember the tower of Belen at the end of *Necronomicon*; it's a gothic style with the influence of the colonies that Portugal then had in the Far East.

In 1978 Jorge Grau made *Cartas de Amor de una Monja* with Lina Romay.

J.F.: Yes Grau found the same book, in Spain, at the same time as me. That's the way it goes. He knew Lina because they went to the same school together. The trouble with Grau is that he takes himself seriously without having any of the talent of Bresson. When I see one of Bresson's films I say to myself: "It's not right. He shouldn't be allowed to make such rubbish. And yet I love it, it's beautiful, wonderful stuff." He has genuine inspiration which Grau hasn't.

But Grau has made some excellent horror films. Especially *Ceremonia Sangrienta*.

J.F.: Yes, but that was before he began to take himself so seriously.

Mondo Cannibale is a very bad film.

J.F.: But which version did you see? No, I didn't make that one. I believe it was Pierre Chevalier. It wasn't my film. I made *Il Cacciatore di Domine* (1980) with Al Cliver. Have you seen *Predator*? It's exactly the same, except instead of a creature from another planet we had a sort of Yeti. But it acts in the same way and the development of the story is the same. I'm not saying that



Franco puts the technicians through their paces

they copied my film, far from it, but I am saying that if I hadn't made my film then *Predator* would not have been made. You understand what I'm getting at? That bit at the beginning when the creature attacks those people, with all those bizarre colours, that's exactly the same. The creature was played by a polish basketball player who was six feet ten tall. A nice guy, incredibly fit.

One of the last of your films that we have seen in France was *Bloody Moon*, released only on video under the title *Lune de Sang*.

J.F.: I quite like that one. It's wilder and more crazy than *Friday the 13th*. I like the girl, Olivia Pascal.

Since 1981 you have directed almost fifty films in Spain and none of them has been released in France. Which of them

are your favourites?

J.F.: *Eugenie - Historia de una Perversione* is pure expressionism. It was made in Turkey. It's the sexual encounters of a group of sado-masochists. The others are sex films, with good stories and settings and very good actors. I particularly like *La Chica de Las Bragas Transparentes* because it's a kind of film noir with a private eye called Al Pereira, an old friend, the same as in *Cartes sur Table*, who takes on hopeless cases for no money. It's a sort of Spanish Mickey Spillane. I also like *El Sexo Esta Loco*. It's about a bunch of extra-terrestrials and what they get up to. It's a story inside another story. They are completely weird stories, and the final shots of the film are the same as the beginning. It's a story without end. These films aren't hardcore but more comical. As for *El Hundimiento de las Casas Usher*, it's one of my three favourite films. I stayed true to the spirit of Edgar Allen Poe, expressionism with a touch of humour - just as Poe. And Howard Vernon was really brilliant.

American Video are about to release that one, but the French version is different from the Spanish one - it's got some scenes from the first Orloff...

J.F.: I reshoot some scenes for Eurocine. In Spain you can see the film in its original form but Eurocine didn't think that it was strong enough. Even though it's exactly like Poe! So I decided to reshoot those scenes myself rather than let them do it. That's not to say that I prefer this version. The one that I like is the Spanish one, a genuine piece of gothic cinema. Putting scenes from the first Orloff into the French



version is just crazy! They want to say that this is a sequel to the other film, never mind that Vernon is more than twenty years older; that's just botching it. Eurocine handle their films very well everywhere except in France. Cannon have the world rights to *Usher*.

La Mansion de los Muertos Vivientes is a story about the Templars, but with no connection to the films made by Ossorio. It's a horror film, set in a convent where strange things happen on certain nights.

Camino Solitario has no connection with the film I made earlier which was released with the title *Sexy Blues* or *Bons Baisers de Barbara*. It's another story about Al Pereira. This time he is separated from his wife and has an eight year old daughter. He has to divide his time between the girl and getting involved in punch-ups. It's a film that did very well in Spain where it was distributed by CIC. As for *Los Blues de la Calle Pop*, it's perhaps the third of my favourite films because here I've recreated the world of Lucky, but this time with a private eye. In *Made in U.S.A.*, Godard shot a scene in Aubervilliers and made it look like America. I thought that was a fantastic idea. I thought about that while making this film. It was a great success in Spain, a cult film that gets put on at late night shows. In a French review they said that Lulu Laverne is one of my pseudonyms, but that's not true. It's the pseudonym of Lina Romay who has made some really wild films. She started working with me as an editor and in Germany she made some trailers because they really don't know how to do that there. As far as porno films are concerned she is much fresher than me and has done some absolutely wicked things, really first class with loads of humour. Sometimes I work with her on basic ideas.

For Paul Naschy and other commercial directors the situation in the Spanish film industry is not good...

J.F.: They all go on about the civil war but hardly any of them know anything about it. The public are fed up with the war. Spanish cinema today is obsessed with the past in a completely stupid way. Now they make films for their friends; political films about the war and its consequences.

Is the public interested in these films?

J.F.: The public don't give a fuck. They want to see American films.

In France the small independent cinemas have almost disappeared. What's it like in Spain?



J.F.: There are still cinemas that show double bills. In Spain we're always a little bit behind everyone else. It will come, but probably when there's a renaissance in cinema happening everywhere else. Right now in Spain things are at a low ebb. I understand exactly the problems that Paul Naschy is having.

He had a lot of trouble in getting a film together and wasn't able to do things the way that he wanted. It wasn't well received by the critics because it wasn't stupid enough. In Spain the audience is very fond of fantasy films, but as there is no real connection between the audience and the industry, the only films that get made are the ones that are subsidised and paid for before they get made. They are going to kill the industry; when they can't sell their films they just give them away to the multinationals for nothing. There are a lot of films that can't find distributors. Because they've been subsidised they don't care. These films earn almost nothing. For three thousand million pesetas they might earn a hundred. So just imagine what the audiences think of them! Right now they are trying to

finance films, just like they did when Franco was in power. But it's just the same because they give three hundred million to a film about the civil war and to another they give three million. The director of the national film board knows that things are bad and that they have to change. At one time there were lots of commercial films that did very well here and now there are none. The most popular actors have to appear in the most unbelievable turkeys. It's bad for the cinema when directors can only contemplate their navels. On the other hand there are people like Fernand Gomez who make very good films but are not very highly thought of. He is a very intelligent film-maker. I acted in a film of his, *L'Etrange Voyage* (1975). It was a story by Berlanga; a thriller based on a true story. It was a film that marked a high point in Spanish cinema.

Unlike countries such as England and Belgium censorship does not seem to exist...

J.F.: There's complete freedom.



Erotic Rites of Frankenstein.

Can we talk now about *Predateurs de la Nuit*...

J.F.: First I would like to talk about *Dark Mission* (1987, with Christopher Lee, Richard Harrison and Brigitte Lahale). This film arose from a decision I took when I looked at the situation in the cinema today. I took count of things and realised it was time I stopped making sixty films one after the other. And things had changed at Eurocine too. Dantel - the son of Marius Lesœur did not work like his father, making bigger and bigger films, and so I made this picture, a good adventure film co-produced with the Spanish. The film was shot in Spain and it was Marius Lesœur who suggested the main female role to Brigitte. She did it really well and I can tell you that she has two really strong dramatic scenes. The one with Christopher Mitchum is particularly good. Finally I asked Brigitte if I could make another film with her and that's the one I'm going to do after *Predateurs de la Nuit*. She suggested that I get together again with René Chateau. René came to spend some time in Spain and helped in the shooting of *Dark Mission*.

So that was how René Chateau suggested that you direct *Les Predateurs de la Nuit*...

J.F.: I think it's the most important film I've made for a long time. I got a budget such as I hadn't had since I worked with the Americans. It's got a magnificent cast, a good production team and special effects by Gastineau who has come up with some brilliant things.

It's a horror film but with human beings instead of bizarre monsters. It's not a gore film. I find the term "gore" demeaning. *Les Predateurs* is a film much closer to Brian de Palma. Not, as Helmut Berger said, to Argento because I don't like Argento at all. Nor Fulci. My film will be like Argento only in terms of the violence. But I do like Brian de Palma,



I go to see his films wherever I am, in English, in German...

But generally I think that cinema today is excellent. Before you would have asked Melville who his favourite directors were. He would have given you a list of forty four American directors



Erotic Rites of Frankenstein.

from 1940 to 1960. Today I have a new list where the directors are much better: De Palma certainly, and also John Landis, Peter Yates, Richard Donner, Ridley Scott; John Boorman - he's God!

And a guy like him is a better director than Raoul Walsh, it has to be said! There's no point living in the past, that's all over now! John Badham, for example, is excellent. His *Dracula* is the best, along with that of Tod Browning.

As for the French, there is Jean-Jaques Arnaud, who is brilliant, there has never been a director like him in France before. He has directed *La Guerre du Feu*, *The Name of the Rose*. There are some other good people, Beinex for example. For me, what I like about cinema is the surprise. When I go to see a film and after ten minutes I know exactly what's going to happen then I leave. But with Beinex that never happens, he has a very interesting, very personal style. At the film club I saw again some films of Clouzot, films that I loved, but they have aged badly even if they still retain a certain charm and historical interest.

I'm very far from being of the same opinion... What's more, you don't get those great popular series like you did in the 60's...

J.F.: Just wait, they'll be back. And I can tell you that out of the last twenty films I've seen I've only felt cheated once and that was with *Cobra Verde* and I knew before seeing it that it was going to be shit; I only went to see Klaus who was insane. But that's the only turkey I've seen and other than that I



Britt Nichols (*Dracula*, *Prisoner of Frankenstein*)... Franco's fascination with the perverse and the erotic

saw *Robocop*, *Fatal Attraction* ... I am very optimistic about the future of the cinema. And nowadays all the films are well made, whereas before only one in ten was. I think we are having a renaissance and I see this in the young audience. And if young people go to the cinema then it will be saved. The only thing that really needs changing, and I don't know if this will ever happen, is the mentality of the producers. Because between the young audience of today, who want to see things in a particular way, and the films, is a barrier constructed by the producers and the distributors who still want to make films the way they were made forty years ago and who don't understand the new tastes of the audience and they say to you: "But the public won't understand that!" In fact it's they themselves who don't understand!

You have worked with some fascinating actors such as Klaus Kinski, Jack Palance, Christopher Lee, Paul Muller and Howard Vernon. Now, with *Les Predateurs de la Nuit* you can add to that extraordinary list Anton Diffring...

J.F.: Rene Chateau wanted Donald Pleasance but he refused to take the part. I spoke to him on the telephone and he's a very strange character with a particularly English sort of mentality. Then we chose Diffring, who was perfect. I've wanted to work with him for a long time. He's excellent and, in my opinion, one of the best film actors around and when he relives his memories of the concentration camp, "the good old days", he is remarkable. He has an incredible face.

At the end of the film we left it open for a sequel, perhaps...

What film are you working on now?

J.F.: I am preparing *Emeralds Bay* for Eurocine with, although this isn't yet confirmed, Glenn Ford and Rod Steiger (originally we had hoped for Richard Widmark but he didn't want to work in Europe). The film will tell the true story of Noriega, the dictator of Panama. In Panama there is a democratic regime with a president elected by free vote but then there is a general who is head of the republican guards and who imposes his will on the country. He was the big boss of the drug rackets and the Americans forced the president to sack him, but it was he who sacked the president and replaced him with someone else! It's an incredible situation. Rod Steiger is to play the general.

Interviewed in Paris by Pierre Charles

ON THE BONGO BEAT

by "Bongo Boy" Tohill
& Liam "I need Voodoo" Killen

WALL ON THE BEACH (Satan Records) Various Artists

There's nothing finer than climbing into your buggy, whacking a tape on and putting your foot to the floor. **Wall on the Beach** is the compilation for that occupation. Great songs rub shoulders with wild instros in this fuel injected hootenanny. When I eventually get wallowed for speeding I'm gonna stand up in court and blame it on the effects of Bob Moore and the Temps **Trophy Run** and the Pigmies' **Don't Monkey with Tarzan**. (L.K.)



TEENAGE RIOT (Atomic Passion Records) Various Artists

The cover says 50,000,000 delinquents can't be wrong!! 16 teen-hood classics and trailers for J.D. movies like **Hot Rod Gang**, **Live Fast Die Young** and the incredible **Shanty Tramp** on one record. The word is rumble and this LP is it. **WOW**. (L.K.)

THE BIG ITCH (Mr. Manicotti Records) Various Artists

With a **Turd** side and a **Bird** side what higher recommendation could you possibly have? While the **Bird** side has its moments it's the **Turd** side that delivers the real wham-olas, King **Uzniewicz** wails out the unbelievable **Surfin School**. And **Arch Hall** bends his chops around an ode to that pygmy hipster **Konga Joe** - the animal noises and racy lyrics make this track a genuine party smash. (L.K.)



BLACK ROCK'N'ROLL (Zu Zazz Records) Various Artists

I'm no Savanna Syncopater, I'm no academic bozo who sits with a pencil trying to work out if Rock 'n' Roll came via the Blues from Mother Africa. However, after one listen to this baby with Icky **Renrut's The Rooster**, Bo **Duddley's Shotgun Rider** and the insanely great **Bunker Hill** whooping out **Little Red Riding Hood** I was ready to Black my face, eat soul food and yell **Ungawa**! Yeah, despite the fact that this concept is kinda weakened by the inclusion of middle aged whitey **Harmonica Frank**, the whole thing is still hogwild and terminally crazy. (L.K.)

ALL TORE UP Charlie Feathers (Zu Zazz Records)

This is vinyl vindication that Charlie, the goddamn king of the slapback, was the greatest Rockabilly wildman who never really made the big time! Like any great Southern rocker his music is pure **Jeckyll** and **Hyde** - the country stuff like **Defrost your Heart** and I've been **Deceived** will have you crying into your drink and howlin' at the moon. While the unreleased versions of **Bottle to the Baby**, **One Hand Loose** and **Corrina, Corrina** will have you prowl'n the house and climb'n the walls ... just like only the real **Grade A** high octane gear can! (L.K.)

BOOKS



ACID DREAMS: THE CIA, LSD AND THE SIXTIES REBELLION by Martin A. Lee and Bruce Shlain, Grove Press Inc., 1985.

Those hazy, crazy days of the sixties were even more frantic and sleazy than you might think.....everything wasn't just peace, love and music. The whole acid trip and counterculture thing were inescapably linked to the CIA's interest in ACIEED...the brown suited officials were mesmerised by the idea of using drugs as weapons for interrogation and political skulduggery. Many drugs which are now buzzwords in our culture have their roots way back in the fifties and early sixties, some even go back to World War One!

The big business, CIA stuff is ultimately pretty scary with some truly bizarre hi-jinks and machinations going on behind the scenes. How about the CIA smuggling the hard stuff out of 'Nam - shrewd chaplains, they managed to stuff it inside the bodies of dead U.S. Servicemen. The political double dealing isn't the only item of interest in this weighty volume, there is also a lengthy discussion on the various sixties movements and personalities. There's Timothy Leary and his tombstone grin. There's the Weathermen, the Weatherpeople and the Motherfuckers. There's John Sinclair and the White Panthers...there's Charlie Manson and the Yippies but more importantly there's the MCS. It was a time when everyone got out of their tree, and the book captures the general mad buzz, unearthing many facts and quotations that show that things were never so simple or linear as you might think. A scholarly but readable work. (C.T.)

THE ORDER OF THE DEATH'S HEAD: THE STORY OF HITLER'S SS by Heine Hohné, Ballantine Books 1971 (Reprinted 1986).

This heavy'n'historical volume is essential for anyone interested in the rise and fall of those Goosestepping Madmen - Hitler's SS. It's a wild tale full of intrigue, murders and crazy ideas & goes some way towards breaking down the idea of the SS as a force

of identikit automata. The leaders were a truly mixed bunch. For some it was merely a stepping stone to better things - a shrewd career move and nothing more.

Others like Heinrich Himmler and Reinhard Heydrich saw themselves as realists doing what was best for the Fuhrer and the Reich. Heydrich was the self styled 'Blond Beast', a cold blooded butcher who played to win. He was the classic Nazi - a man who loved murder and music. He often took time off to play folk-songs on the violin.....tears would gush down his face while he sawed away on some sentimental tune! Himmler was an ex-Chicken farmer who worshipped the mighty Adolf, he was a sleazy romantic who was obsessed with breeding and purity. He had some way-out theories on race and blood and applied these wholeheartedly to most of Europe. His genetic engineering has its own strange logic and has to be read about to be comprehended fully. Such were the leaders of Hitler's SS - at once laughable and frightening!

The strong point of the book is its documentation of the politics and policies of the SS, but its main appeal is the behind the scenes glimpses it offers of the Boys in Black.....the personal details are easily the most interesting aspect of this intensely detailed book. (C.T.)

CRACKPOT: THE OBSESSIONS OF JOHN WATERS by John Waters, Fourth Estate, 1988.

The prince of puke comes clean in these hilarious essays. Even if you can't stand his whiny films you'll be taken by this sincerely funny book which has something for everyone. There's plenty of lists for those who love'em as well as interesting essays on the real heroes of Hollywood - guys like

William 'gimme a gimnick' Castle. Every essay is a real joy and he even debunks his trashy image by listing his real favourite films. These turn out to be pensively arty creations like Woody Allen's *Interiors* and (surprise, surprise) Bergman's *Brink of Life*. There's even an extended essay on Godard's *Hail Mary*. There's plenty of other neat stuff including an appreciation of the National Inquirer and a superb guide to all that's tacky and seedy in L.A. My personal favourites were his short article about showing his films to the inmates of Patuxent Prison and the piece on the Buddy Deane Show - the show that inspired *Hairspray*. After reading through this glorious book I felt awed and envious...I wanted to hang out at murder trials and tiptoe past my own *Babydoll* poster. I wanted to be John Waters! (C.T.)

THE KILLING OF THE UNICORN: DOROTHY STRATTEN 1960-1980 by Peter Bogdanovitch, Futura 1985.

WOW!! - a real gusher full of those things that make life worthwhile.....slimy sentimentality, sleazy details and soapbox moralising! Yep it's all here in this singularly apocalyptic tale.

One of the most beautiful women in the World is snuffed out and brutally sodomised by her bicep-bulging boyfriend who had the foresight to strap her into a homemade bondage machine, rape her and blow half her face away with a shotgun. And that's just for starters! After this he spends an hour mucking round with her body before deciding to splatter his own brains and blood on the ceiling. This book details the last 3 years of her life (she died before she was 21!) and its told through the eyes of her 41 year old lover Bogdanovitch. In the course of events he manages to implicate Hugh Hefner and Playboy magazine - they crushed this fragile flower, albeit indirectly. He includes huge sections of poetry (written by her) to prove what a wildly sensitive soul the world has lost. He spends most of the book gushing and whining. Gushing about her moods, beauty and talent and whining about the horrors of promiscuity ... which left him 'exhausted and miserable'. Reading between the lines it's easy to see that Bogdanovitch tells only half the story ... his flowery obsequy with someone half his age ain't exactly normal. Nine years on his name is linked romantically with Dorothy's sister, who has now been remodelled (through plastic surgery) to look like her!! (C.T.)

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